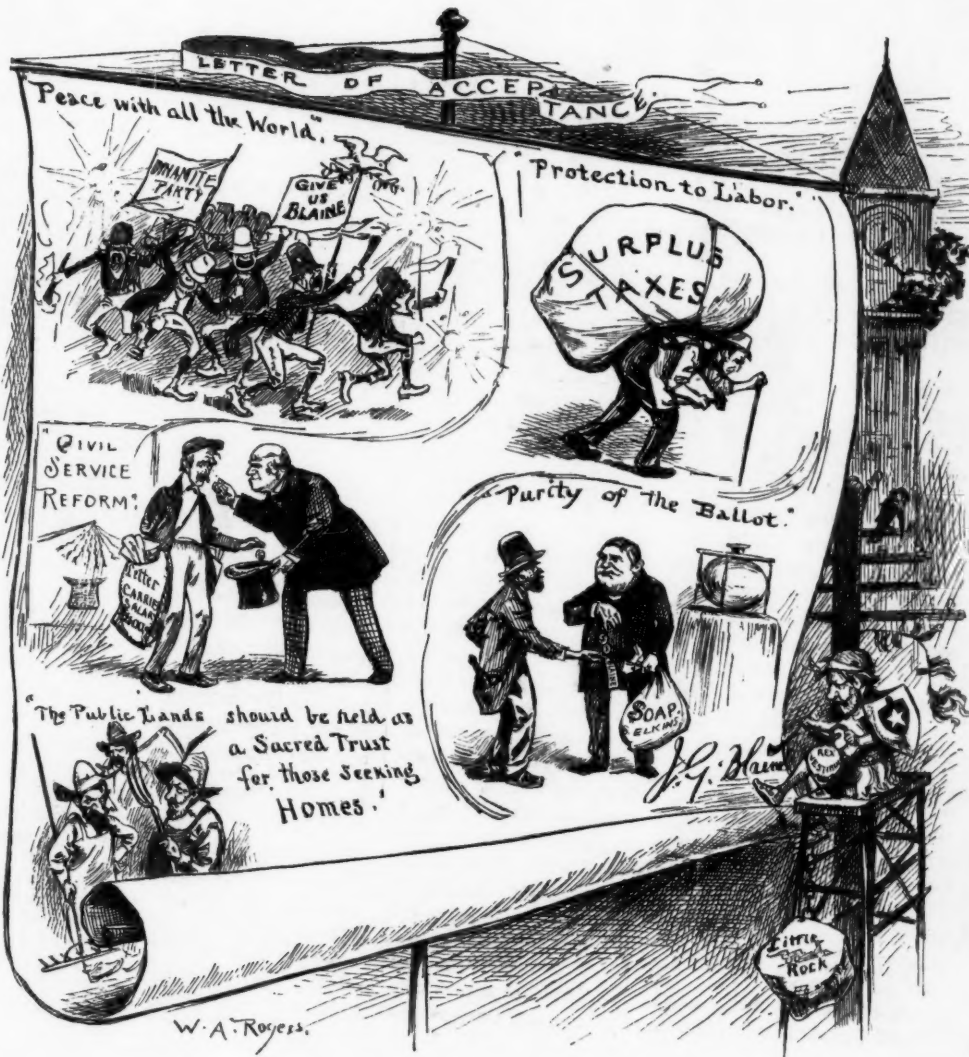


LIFE

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COME IMPRESSIONS OF MR. BLAINE'S LETTER.

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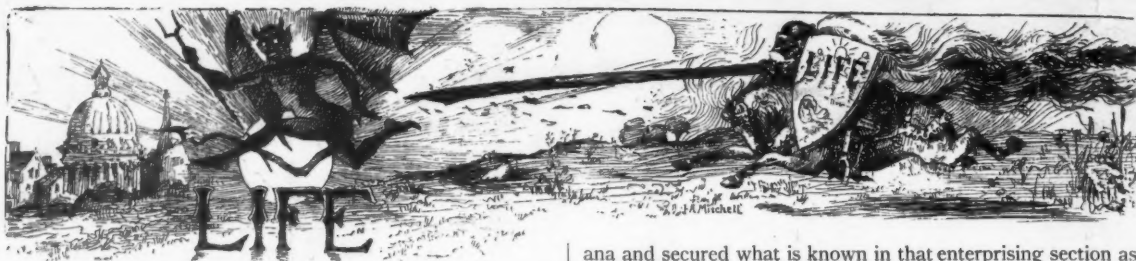
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VOL. IV. JULY 31ST, 1884 NO. 83.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

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COL. GOLOSHES, who for many years has been an important side show in the enterprise of that modest and truthful gentleman, Mr. P. T. Barnum, has lately got himself into seven feet eleven inches of connubial trouble. Twenty-five years ago, it seems, the Colonel, then struggling in his profession as a giant, met, loved, wooed and won the fearless German brunette who acted as serpent-charmer, in the afore-said greatest show on earth. Now marrying a serpent-charmer, particularly in the southern latitudes, where the native whisky is plentiful, strong and cheap, has its drawbacks. The bridegroom, for instance, coming home after a pleasant night with the boys, and finding the partner of his bosom with two anacondas twined about her arms and a bucket full of rattle snakes in her lap, is plunged at once into a painful quandary as to whether she is having a private rehearsal, or whether he has merely got 'em again. This, it appears, was the cue to a series of dilemmas which made the honeymoon of the Colonel exceedingly bewildering, and led to a subsequent coolness between himself and his bride. Still, however, they jogged along in double harness,—she with her snakes, and he with his height and puzzled look, drawing each a salary and getting along in comparative peace. After five years a new element of trouble loomed in the Living Skeleton, who apparently was also a sufferer from moral ossification, and who paid such assiduous attentions to the serpent-charmer as to throw the Colonel into a paroxysm of rage, whisky and subsequent snakes, out of which it took three doctors, a pound of bromides and a straight jacket to get him. This trouble grew and grew and became more lurid for five years. At this juncture the Colonel met a niece of the Fat Woman. She was fifteen years old, had black eyes, raven hair, and a fondness for giants. She looked up and he down, and the result was a tacit understanding. The Living Skeleton, who was the bone of contention, grew more and more aggressive, until finally Colonel Goloshes availed himself of a temporary visit to Indi-

ana and secured what is known in that enterprising section as a "cyclone divorce." Returning then to the South, with the approval of the Fat Woman, he married the black eyes and raven hair. This was twenty-five years ago. Two months later the Living Skeleton curled up suddenly and died. He was shortly followed by the Fat Woman, who had one of those frolicsome touches of fat about the heart to which she was professionally liable, and in a fortnight the serpent charmer left the greatest show on earth to endow still another happy mortal with her affection and snakes. This should have left the Colonel happy, but it did n't. It seems that a giant's fascinations are only temporary. In less than six months the Colonel's peace was marred by his jealousy of the Fire Eater, whose platform was next to that of his wife, who, by the way, was now a Circassian Slave. This unpleasantness was followed by the Colonel's having wild reason to believe that the Wild Man of Brazil was gazing too often out of the bars of his lair, and next he was made miserable by the Lion Tamer. For a quarter of a century this grew and grew, culminating with a disagreement with Chang, a heathen, nine feet high on the bills, which led to a second divorce suit, now pending.

* * *

THE depths to which our formerly esteemed contemporary, the *Tribune*, has sunk, in conducting the canvass of Mr. Blaine, are simply unfathomable.

When the editor of the *Tribune* gets down to the level of forgery and has the shamelessness to publicly acknowledge the fact, then is the time for an insulted community to inflict upon him such punishment as he deserves. If Mr. Whitelaw Reid is responsible for the insertion of Mr. Henry Ward Beecher's remarks on Garfield, made four years ago, substituting therein the name of Blaine for that of Garfield, then Mr. Reid is guilty of a most contemptible fraud, and Mr. Blaine, if elected President, would earn the thanks of the people by sending Mr. Reid as our plenipotentiary to Coventry, even though the gentleman himself might prefer the Court of St. James.

* * *

THE vile slanders recently circulated concerning Governor Cleveland's private life show to what straits the Blaine managers are put.

Mr. Blaine cannot enter the White House solely on an unsubstantiated charge of immorality against his opponent.

Let the Republican party be careful lest it find itself branded with as ineradicable disgrace as the Morey Letter brought upon the Democrats.



SPIRITUELLE.

Miss A.: JUST SEE HOW ALARMINGLY RED YOUNG X. IS!
Miss B.: NO NEED OF ALARM, DEAR; HE IS THE PICTURE OF HEALTH.
Miss A.: YES, A HEALTH THAT'S BEEN DRUNK, AND NO HEEL-TAPS!

SCYLLA.

"I LOVE to fish for men!" she cried,
 With a lightning flash in her steel gray eye,
 "But I hate to take them from the hooks,
 And watch their flurries, while they die."

THE first rose of Summer—shad roes.

A BAR sinister—one displaying the sign "No Trust."

VAN BOOTS, the great banker, who does not care for the opera, says he cannot see why there is so much fuss about raising a C note from the chest. He has frequently raised a pile of C notes from his chest, and from other places too, for that matter.

GONE FOREVER.

"GEORGE, dear," cried Eveline, "do you suppose Heaven is as nice a place as people say it is?"

"Well, really, Eveline, as I have never been there, I cannot say, but from what I hear, the society there is very select."

"Everything is bright and golden there, is n't it, George?"

"Yes, darling. The streets are paved solid with gold blocks. Golden bricks make the houses, and only specie payments are allowed."

"Well, then, George," archly said the maiden, as she nestled closely to her lover, "if everything is so golden, why do n't the guilty get in?"

But the answer came not. He had gone to be a cow-boy.

HIDDEN perils—pins in the baby's clothes.

BOOMLETS.

"LOOK here, Steve," remarked Mr. Blaine to his friend Elkins, just after the sermon, and as he was dropping his weekly \$50 bill into the plate as his contribution to the Irish Home in Central Africa, "now do n't you go for to make such a mistake as to call Cleveland young. If you do, some all-fired fool of a Democrat will make some allusion to innocence and youth, which you will perceive is bad for the G. O. P in general, and J. G. B. in particular!"

"Right you are, James. Er-a-a-men!" replied Elkins, just in time to catch the Presbyterian vote for his great leader.

* * *

"I'M glad I swung those fellows while I was Sheriff. They might have voted for Blaine."—*Cleveland.*

* * *

ONE by one are the idols of our youth shattered. The last straw comes, utterly breaking down our faith in that man who has ever been identified in our hearts as the type of all that was good, honorable and just.

The words of James G. Blaine, in his letter of acceptance, 1884 :

"The name of American, which belongs to us in our national capacity, must exalt the just pride of patriotism."

The words of ex-President George Washington, in his farewell address, 1794 :

"The name of American, which belongs to you in your national capacity, must always exalt the just pride of patriotism more than any appellation derived from local discriminations."

George Washington a plagiarist !!

* * *

MR. WHITELAW REID denies that his first name is Jacob!

Too bad! Too bad! Just think of the disgrace of our next Minister to England (if Mr. Blaine is elected) having no middle name.

J. Whitelaw Reid would have sounded so pretty.

* * *

THE objection to Grover Cleveland because of his vetoes is as absurd as the Republican offset in the size of Mr. Blaine's nose. Anything less than *V* toes would be unconstitutional.

* * *

THE admirers of Mr. Oscar Wilde who were unable to grasp his meaning when he spoke of "unkissed kisses" will find a clue in the Congressional *Record* with its unspoken speeches.

* * *

THE most insidious attack upon Mr. Blaine has come from his own National Committee.

On the handsome banner lately swung from the Headquarters on Fifth Avenue the most prominent feature is a Rail-Road.

Oh, Welkins, how could you!



COMMUNITY LIFE IN FICTION.

COMMUNISTIC settlements have been used a number of times as the background for works of fiction. The most notable examples are Hawthorne's "Blithedale Romance" and Howells's "Undiscovered Country." The charm of novelty in "Among the Chosen" (American Novel Series) is not, however, lessened by these predecessors in a similar field. It is an unambitious work, claiming no comparison with these greater novels, but within the limits set by the author the story has much artistic merit.

The aim of the novel is serious, the characters are treated subjectively, and the introspection and moral analysis are often painful; yet there are frequent touches of realism. There is something very human about the unruly youngster, Ted, sadly out of place among the "Chosen." And there is realism of a ghastly kind when Rosalie unexpectedly comes upon the body of a suicide in the woods, his face covered with his hat; yet she recognizes him by his "peculiar, horny hand, with little blonde hairs on its sun-burned back." She had last seen that hand holding the child from which the community had separated him. The broken home and starved affections, and the dead self-murderer, are linked as cause and effect by that homely hand.

Rosalie and Father John, the head of the community, are skillfully sketched; the former, rebelling with all the force of passionate young womanhood against the doctrine of repression and self-abandonment taught by Father John; the latter, a dreamy enthusiast who had first deceived his disciples and then deceived himself.

The whole book is a vivid presentation of the hollowness of any system of society based on the repression of the natural affections of lover for sweetheart, husband for wife, parent for child. (Henry Holt & Co.) DROCH.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

A POET'S APPEAL FOR PROTECTION OF HOME INDUSTRY. By Louis Belvoir, Jr. Philadelphia, 1884.

The Man from Texas. A Western romance. By Henry Oldham. T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia, 1884.

Verses. By Herbert Wolcott Bowen. Cupples, Upham & Co., Boston, 1884.

CONCERNING NUISANCES.

A STUDENT of the various species of nuisances in this world would do well to make New York city his headquarters, as we here attain the greatest possible perfection in that line. We have a Board of Aldermen, which, thanks to the work of Governor Cleveland and a reform Legislature, has become somewhat less of a nuisance than in former days, but there are some of us yet who would rejoice to see this little company, which when in session daily disgraces our civ-

SEA SERPENTS—A faculty peculiar to confirmed inebriates only.

GOOD advice is like a policeman, in that it is often to be met with when unsought, but when really wanted, seldom, if ever, to be found.

THE newest wrinkle in sporting intelligence is a proposed spelling match between John A. Logan and Joaquin Miller. Wagers on the result are about even.

A CORRESPONDENT would like to know where the elephant is found. Almost anywhere, good sir, almost anywhere in these parts. It is difficult to lose him, you know—he's so large.

"QUANTUM suff" (feeling translated the morning after)—"How I have suffered!"

"STICK to your last"—especially if it is a 15 cent "Henry Clay."

THE man who remains out till 24 o'clock can be said to be having a high old time.

A HIGH-TONED man—a tenor.

VICE versey—spring poetry.

BEHIND the bars—the singer that does n't keep up with the accompanist.

LEX TALIONIS.

HE offered me his heart and hand,
Whereat I laughed and said him nay;

But found too late that when he went

He took my happiness away.

And so I wrote a little note:

"Dear Jack," it asked, with sweet design,

"In love is't fair to change one's mind?"

Said he: "It is—and I've changed mine!"

M. E. W.



ilization, towed out into the middle of the Atlantic and left there to become water-logged—not fire-water-logged, as at present—until it sinks to rise no more.

But this patient, long-suffering public has a still greater nuisance to contend with. Greater, because it is composed of men of some influence socially and who ought to know better. We refer to the so-called Sunday Closing Committee and Mr. Anthony Comstock, who now rise in their self-righteousness and endeavor to deprive the hard-working man of the only pleasure he can enjoy after his week of hard toil. In attempting to interfere with the Sunday music in the Park, the value of which is attested by the fact that thousands of our poor are present to listen to it Sunday after Sunday, these gentlemen have been guilty of a gross outrage and have abused the power, such as it is, tacitly allowed them by the public.

Let these righteous men, who consider themselves too pure for this world, go down among the tenement houses and see those whom they would deprive of innocent enjoyment. Let

them put themselves in like positions. Let this modern Pecksniff, who while decrying all sorts of vice is still receiving a share of the profits from his book based upon what he has seen on the dark side of New York, this art censor who strains at gnats and swallows camels, put himself in the place of that overworked man who leaves his wretched home at six in the morning, to return to it twelve hours later, having had no rest all day. Let him make himself as the poor seamstress who toils both night and day for the scant food and home, which is a prison in comparison with what these virtuous gentlemen who constitute the committee are pleased to call by the same name!

Would Mr. Comstock and his followers then raise their eyes to heaven in holy horror that such a godless thing as music should be allowed in the Central Park on Sunday, the only day of the week when there was an opportunity for such enjoyment?

No! We hardly think Mr. Comstock, or Mr. Parsons, or any other of the self-constituted Saints of New York, would so belittle themselves.

If these gentlemen would only close the thousands of low resorts in this city, which tend to harm him who can have no other pleasures, surrounded as he is; or visit a few of the gambling hells without allowing them twenty-four hours' notice of such intention, the public might be indebted to them.

As it is, they are nothing more nor less than a most posterous though respectable nuisance, of which the public would be well rid.



THE COMSTOCK POLAR FUND.

N. Y., JULY 23d, '84.

EDITOR of LIFE; I send herewith one lead nickel, one empty Apollinaris bottle, three pairs of trousers, and a white plug hat for the Comstock Expedition, as proposed in your last.

Y'rs, A. SAWDOFF.

"LIFE has got the right end of this business. No place like the North Pole for the Society for the Prevention of Ice! Let the proceeds of this joke be my contribution to the fund.

"VERITAS."

[NOTE: The fund is credited with \$.003 as requested.—ED. LIFE.]

"Great and only LIFE:

"Please find enclosed one Russian Bath Ticket for the proposed Comstock Expedition. When the Earthly Angel commences to freeze, let him use this ticket. In case he kicks at this and says he can't use it when he wants it, just refer him to one of the thousands of workmen, who can only find time to recreate on Sunday, and whom he attempts to deprive of his only opportunity for so doing. SOLID SENSE."

DEAR AND RESPECTED SIR:

I send this day by American Express the MSS. of my latest novel entitled "The Je-Ne-Sais-Quosity of the Qu'estceque-c'estisit," which you may dispose of for the benefit of your Sunday Closing Committee Polar Fund.

Yours, HENRY JAMES.

[1400 pounds of paper at seven pounds for one cent, \$2.00 to the credit of the fund. ED. LIFE.]

Telegram.

LIFE: Suspend your subscription for the Comstock Polar Fund. I do not wish to go. A. COMSTOCK.

[That's all right, Mr. Comstock. We rather expected you'd decline, but really now you must know that this is one of those honors which the public are anxious to thrust upon you. So pack up, Mr. Comstock, pack up! ED. LIFE.]

THE INDEPENDENT REPUBLICAN CONFERENCE.

ON Tuesday last your correspondent being fully equipped with paper, pen, and pink press ticket entered the portals of the University Club Theatre to give the moral support of his personal lungs to the cause of Independence and defeat of Sir Jingo Blaine.

It was with some reluctance and a linen duster that I walked up the stairs to thus identify with the opposition to the Plumed Knight, for in case of his election next November I will have an awkward time in convincing the Magnetic Candidate of my fitness for the position of paragrapher to the Congressional Record, which position Elkins has offered me, provided I toot for the ticket. My foresight is not as good as my hindsight by a "— sight," so to speak, but from the present prognostications I rather opine that the Elkins ticket will be a sort of "ticket-of-leave" next Fall, so I may be safe in whooping it up for the kickers.

The Hall was crowded to its utmost capacity, every nook, corner and some delegates being full to the brim. The reporters occupied something less than one half of the room, while behind them sat the Independent party in full bloom. By a rough estimate the census of the meeting consisted of some four hundred souls, and had an analytical chemist been present, he would no doubt have found its composition to be as follows:

Pharisees	15 per cent.
Dudes	00 " "
Kickers	30 " "
Democrats	05 " "
Blaine	not quoted
Solid Brains	50 " "

Total

At eleven o'clock a gentleman with some moustache and more voice enquired if there were any present from New Jersey.

Only two gentlemen would acknowledge it.

They were invited out to choose a chairman from among themselves to act as spokesman.

Up to the hour of going to press they had not broken the deadlock in the midst of which they found themselves on the first ballot.

Rhode Island organized more harmoniously as only one representative appeared. He was unanimously chosen chairman of his delegation. He denies, however, that he voted for himself and his case is now being considered by the committee on credentials.

No gentleman from Wisconsin appearing, a policeman was dispatched to Madison Square, where two tramps, having no visible means of support, and no particular town or state to hail from, nobly espoused the cause of all the absent States.

Mr. George William Curtis called the meeting to order at 11.30, and nominated one member of the Democratic party, Col. Codman, for president of the conference, and all the other members for vice presidents.



“THE MERRY HUNTSMAN.”

MR. A. FRESH VERREY DOES NOT FIND SUCH UNALLOYED PLEASURE IN THE HUNT AS HE ANTICIPATED WHEN HE ORDERED HIS NEW RIDING SUIT.

Col. Codman, Mr. Higginson, President Seelye and others whose utterances cannot fail to carry conviction with them, made exceptionally fine speeches, which dealt severely with the Plumed Knight, at the close of which, the hall having become too crowded for comfort, the vice presidents were invited upon the stage. This practically eliminated the audience as all were serving in that capacity, and the meeting adjourned until the afternoon when Governor Cleveland was heartily indorsed previous to *sine die* adjournment.

The strength of the meeting convinces me that unless the Republican revolt is offset by a similar one on the part of such “Dudes and Purists” as Ben. Butler and John Kelly, Cleveland will be the next President, if he carries the country and defeats Blaine.

You may regard this as certain.

CARLYLE SMITH.

ALTHOUGH girls may be nautically ignorant, they all know how to keep taut the beau-line.

BAD form—reform (at present).

NEAR SIGHTED, THAT'S ALL.

“SEE the porpoise,” said Charley Griggs to his mother, as they sat on the beach at Seabright.

“Where?” asked the old lady, looking around wildly at the bath-houses.

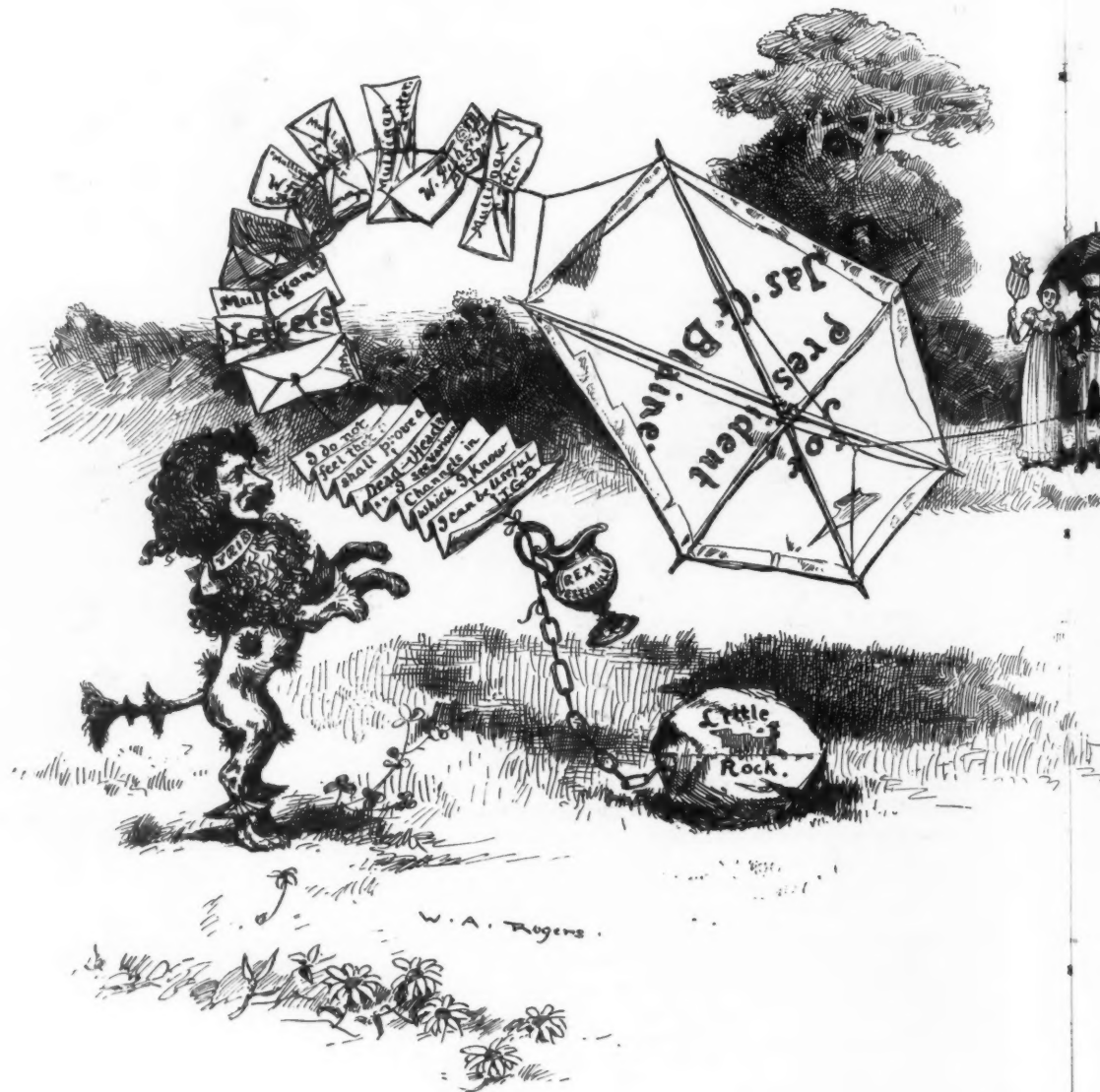
“Why, in the water,” he replied, and pointed to a school of them playing leap-frog just beyond the breakers. The old lady shook the sand out of her spectacle-case, preparatory to adjusting her glasses.

“Paupers,” she said. “Oh, to be sure. There they are in bathing. Sent down by the ‘Fresh Air Fund,’ I s’pose. Ain’t that just lovely. How the poor creatures must enjoy it, after the heat of the tenement-houses. Dear me, ain’t that nice!”

CARLSBAD.

A COUNTER-IRRITANT—the fair shopper that looks at everything, takes samples, and says that she’ll come in again, maybe!

FAVORABLE WEATHER FOR HAY-MAKING—when it rains pitchforks.





CH TAIL TO HIS KITE.

TE DUCE JACOBUM!

THEY say whereas he started poor,
 The boodle now is his;
 By dubious steps from state obscure,
 To wealth and fame he riz.
 They get bad names and roll them all
 Together in a lump
 To throw at him; but never call
 Jim Blaine, of Maine, a chump.

CHORUS.

Then let the Rocky Mountains roar,
 The Alleghanies growl;
 The continent from shore to shore
 Stand up on end and howl.
 Amidst the horns' pervasive blare,
 And drums' delirious thump,
 His dearest foe will never care
 To call Jim Blaine a chump.

The Stalwart chief, beyond a doubt
 He named a turkey cock;
 There was some gossip, too, about
 Fort Smith and Little Rock;
 They talk about one Mulligan—
 It's tiresome to explain—
 But doglehead is still a term
 They do n't apply to Blaine.

They speak of him as Guano Jim,
 And many folks believe
 He wrote to Hurlbut, "Douse your glim!"
 And added, "Go it, Steve!"
 They claim he has a tattooed hide,
 And say the marks are plain,
 But no one calls our party's pride,
 "That wooden Injun Blaine!"

INNOCENT wife: "What do you mean, Charlie, by 'straddling a blind?' I should think it would be so much easier to ride a rail, if that is a way you have of initiating men at the club."

It is proverbially asserted that every dog has his day. If such was the fact, dog-days would be rather more numerous than they are in this latitude.

A short time ago the newspapers told a romantic story which was disclosed at the death-bed of a beggar in London. This beggar was of good birth and education, but stung with remorse at the grave consequences of some thoughtless act, had resolved to live an exile and a pauper for twenty years, speaking to no one during all that time. This vow had been rigidly kept for fifteen years of the allotted period. It is unnecessary in telling this story to mention the sex of the beggar. If a woman could ever be found who could act the part of a deaf-mute for fifteen hours, it would create even a greater sensation. There is a chance in this line for some woman to make herself as famous as Mrs. Dr. Mary Walker, Susan Blaine Anthony or Dr. Tanner.

THE THOMPSON ST. POKER CLUB.

THE REV. MR. THANKFUL SMITH ILLUSTRATES A DELICATE POINT IN FINANCE.

AT the regular meeting of the Thompson St. Poker Club, Saturday night, there was trouble. It seemed that each member wished to look on, and that the Rev. Mr. THANKFUL SMITH was the only one who wished to play. Mr. CYANIDE WHIFFLES said he had been arguing the Mulligan letter business with a Cleveland man, and felt tired; Professor BRICK complained that the subject as to whether beer should not be taken through a straw, which he was now investigating, was so complex that he really could n't get his mind out of it. Mr. RUBE JACKSON stated that the recent panicky feeling in Wall Street had so affected the kalsomining interests that he felt financially indisposed, and Mr. TOOTER WILLIAMS avowed his belief that the vigorous cash system pursued of late in the Club was one which, in view of the coming campaign, the members should modify. The Rev. Mr. THANKFUL SMITH heard these various objections, polished his spectacles several times with his bandana, ingeniously adjusted the fly leaf of his cigar with mucilage so that it would draw, put his feet on the table, blew a cloud, and for ten minutes seemed lost in an interesting calculation. Then he proposed that the members should each buy three dollars' worth of chips, for cash, and whatever losses went beyond that should be settled by I. O. Us. This solution to the difficulty met with instant favor, and the alacrity with which even Professor BRICK drew out three dollars and his chair to the table showed that the Club's interest in the noble game had not for a moment abated, notwithstanding the other tremendous questions in which the country at large was involved.

Mr. TOOTER WILLIAMS offered to bank, and to the great surprise of all, the Rev. Mr. THANKFUL SMITH made not the slightest objection. Each member put up his three dollars and received the equivalent stacks. Mr. WILLIAMS got the deal, and the game began.

For two hours the interest was feeble, owing to the two-pair complexion of called hands, but at last the simultaneous arrival of a jack-pot, Mr. WHIFFLES' deal, and the wicked look in Mr. WILLIAMS' eye woke everybody up to the fact that the event of the evening had come.

It had been agreed that no one should issue an I. O. U. until his chips were exhausted, and so the jack-pot consisted mainly of celluloid, the one paper it contained coming from Mr. WHIFFLES, whom three deuces had ruined a few minutes before.

Mr. WILLIAMS opened with four dollars in chips. Prof. BRICK came in with a dollar stack of chips and a three dollar I. O. U.

"I rise dat a dollah," said the Rev. Mr. THANKFUL SMITH, putting in a \$10 I. O. U. of Mr. WILLIAMS', which he had won, and taking out \$5 change in chips.

Mr. WHIFFLES, having no chips, called with an I. O. U. Mr. WILLIAMS pondered.

"I sees dat rise, and I liff yo' nine dollahs," said Mr. WILLIAMS, writing out another ten dollar I. O. U.

A GENEROUS DOSE.

"SUSAN," said old bachelor Beans, as the servant entered the room in response to his bell, "where are those little black pills that I had?"

"Phat pills, sor?" asked the chambermaid, with an expression indicative of absolute innocence and ignorance. "Sure, I have n't seen no pills, sor."

"They were small and black," said Beans, in an impressively severe manner. "There was almost a handful of them. The box broke in my pocket, and I put them here on the mantel-piece, this very morning."

"Was they in a saucer, sor?" Susan asked quickly.

"They were," said Beans. "In a saucer, on the mantel-piece by the clock."

"Howly mother o' Moses!" she yelled, "I'm a dead gurrel, sure. I found some crame an' sugar on the table, an' I ate thim out o' the saucer wid a tay-shpoon. I thought they was *hooklebirries*."

CARLSBAD.

CUSTOM-MADE—society.

IF Blaine is nominated, we suppose the *curs*-ed hirelings of the press will *dog* his footsteps, and *hound* him with questions whose *purp*-ort will be, "Did you ever hear Peruvian bark?"



Sportive Widower: HOW MUCH BETTER Y' ARE THAN A WIFE, OLD CLOCKEY! THE SMALLER THE HOUR A (HIC) FELLER GOES 'OME THE LESS NOISE YOU MAKE 'BOUT (HIC) IT.

"Pud up de chips," said the Rev. Mr. THANKFUL SMITH, throwing the paper back with the calmness which goes with power. Mr. WILLIAMS sullenly complied, and parted with his last stack.

Prof. BRICK called with an I. O. U.

The Rev. Mr. THANKFUL SMITH had two more \$10 I. O. Us of Mr. WILLIAMS'.

"I liffs yo' jess—jess two dollahs, TOOT," he said, extracting eight dollars change in chips from the pot as before.

"Wha—whadyer take out de chips for?" queried Mr. WILLIAMS, who was growing uneasy.

"Change," said the Rev. Mr. SMITH, sententiously. He now had all the chips but one dollar, and the pot consisted entirely of paper, with the exception of that dollar.

Mr. WHIFFLES wrote out another I. O. U. and called. So

did Mr. WILLIAMS. Everybody now drew three cards. Mr. WILLIAMS had no chips, and bet a \$10 I. O. U. Prof. BRICK called. The Rev. Mr. SMITH had a \$6 I. O. U. of Mr. WILLIAMS', one for \$3 of Mr. WHIFFLES', and one for \$2 from Prof. BRICK. He threw them into the pot, taking therefrom its last dollar in chips.

"Wha—whadyer took dat dollah outen de pot for?" queried Mr. WILLIAMS again, desperately.

"Change," said the Rev. Mr. SMITH.

Mr. WHIFFLES called.

On the showdown, Mr. WILLIAMS exhibited three jacks and got the pot, which he drew in with an air of sullen sadness singular in a victor.

The Rev. Mr. SMITH yawned, shoved his pile across the table, and said he guessed he'd go home.



Child of Experience: OH! RUN, JEANETTE. ONE END OF THAT THING BITES!

"Wha—whadyer want for dese yar chips?" asked Mr. WILLIAMS, with an attempt at cheerful indifference.

"The usual squivalent," replied the Rev. Mr. SMITH, yawning again.

"Fourteen dollahs," said Mr. WILLIAMS, grandly. "Yar's de mount," he added, handing over a collection of the due bills he had just raked in.

"Gin me de spondles," said the Rev. Mr. SMITH.

"Dar am de bills," said Mr. WILLIAMS, pointing again to the I. O. Us.

"I ain't no cla'r'in house," said the Rev. Mr. SMITH.

"Dem notes is legal tender," said Mr. WILLIAMS.

The Rev. Mr. SMITH bestowed upon Mr. WILLIAMS a steady and dangerous glower.

"De squivalent fer dem chips," he said, "am tin. De squivalent fer dem notes am honah. Ise de lass man in de world to doubt a niggah's honah, but Ise de lass man in de world to buck my money agin it. Gin me de squivalent."

With a sepulchral sigh, Mr. WILLIAMS disgorged fourteen lawful dollars, and the Rev. Mr. SMITH, yawning again, quitted the room. Mr. WILLIAMS did not break the gloomy silence for several minutes. Then he said:

"Niggahs, dis yar speriment am a failure. Wen a niggah kin put in a niggah's paper and 'stract chips, dar ha'nt no profit in bankin', an' de credit ob dis yar Club am gone, lessen the papah's backed wid de c'lateral. Dar's no mem-bah got c'lateral. Dis yar papah's wuff lessen fo' cents a pound. Dis bank's 'spended."

The Club adjourned.

DRAWING materials—mustard and water.

WHAT kind of plank is used to make a New York Board of Aldermen? Tammany-Republican deal, of course!

GEOGRAPHICAL definition—apeninsular is that with which the average British tourist writes about America and things American.

MR. SMITH: Jones, I do n't object to Music, but when that dog of yours barks all night, I think it a little too much. Then you do n't appreciate Offenbach?

PATENT APPLIED FOR.

THE other day I paid my fare at an uptown Elevated station, passed through the gate and was just watching my ticket slip out of sight, as the gateman shook hands with the box, when some one touched me on the arm. Turning, I saw a long-haired individual, who might have passed for a college professor.

"If you have a minute to spare—" and he paused expectantly.

"Certainly," I replied, "I have got to wait for the next train. Go ahead with what you have to say."

"Thank you," he continued; "I would like to show you a very valuable invention which I have made. It is something which will appeal directly to the heart of every man in America. If you are a bachelor it will prove a constant source of comfort to you, and if you are a married man, you ought not live without it. Now, you know that if you get up at night, it is absolutely impossible to find the match-box in the dark. No matter how certain you may be of the position in which you saw it last, it is sure to have changed its place and to have secreted itself with diabolical ingenuity behind the looking-glass or the most fragile article on the mantel-piece. It does n't make the least bit of difference how familiar you are with the geography and topography of your bed-room, or whether you *know* that the match-box is screwed to the wall near the bureau, you won't be able to find it, until somebody comes in with a lighted candle. Another peculiar but equally well-known fact is, that the room appears to be filled with rocking-chairs. If there is only *one* rocking-chair in the whole house, it will inevitably be in your room, and will exercise such astonishing agility that it will be all over the floor at once, and will encounter your unprotected shins at every turn. Do not *you*, sir—does not *every* man know to his sorrow that it is as futile to find the match-box as it is impossible to escape the rocking-chair?"

"My friend," I replied, "it is too true. Your very description of it has awakened many painful memories and caused my shins, even now in broad daylight, to experience a kind of a lonely sensation that is not at all comfortable. I think, moreover, that I 'catch on' your idea. You have, I suppose, patented a rocking-chair with a match-box attached, or a Jumbo match-box on rockers, so that if you *must* strike one, you are *bound* to hit the other, is that it?"

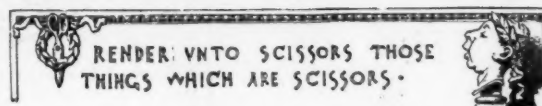
"Not exactly," he said, for he had regained his breath; "I have invented an arrangement by which the contact between a vulnerable and sensitive masculine shin and the sharp end of a white-ash rocker will produce such a brilliant electric light, that you will be spared the painful apprehension of giving the baby a teaspoonful of Nubian Shoe-polish in mistake for paregoric, or of spending eight minutes in trying to scratch a light from a wooden toothpick, and then sitting down wearily on the upholstered corner of an iron-bound trunk. Now, I could perfect my patent if you, for a half interest, would advance two hundred dollars, and—"

"Harlem train," announced the gateman. "All aboard," shouted the guard, and as the train started, I looked out of a window and saw the eloquent inventor button-holing an old gentleman and again beginning his harangue.

H. L. S.

A COUNTRY-seat—the milking stool.

THE pole rail—the telegraph-wirer nuisance.



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"HOW old is Mary Anderson That people call her queen? Is she, like good Victoria, One hundred and thirteen?"

"Oh! no; my son, about as old As I was at her age; But people never grow who go Play-acting on the stage."

"And the 'boy-preacher,' Harrison, Is he so youthful, then? And does he wear short jackets now Like me and Cousin Ben?"

"Oh! no; my son, although his age Is rather hard to fix; I heard him preach in Louisville In eighteen forty-six."

"And the 'child violinist,' then, The youngest star alive?" "Great Scott! he played with Ole Bull In eighteen twenty-five."

—R. J. Burdette.

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"PHWAT wud Oi want wid a bicycle?" said
the ancient Irishman to the boys who had been
chaffing him. "Bedad, Oi'd as soon walk afoot
as ride afoot!"—*Lowell Citizen.*

FOGG—"For heaven's sake, how much more
are you going to eat of that salad? You've put
away a half-gallon of it already."

Fenderson—"Nonsense, I've only eaten a
mouthful."

Fogg—"That's what I said."—*Boston Tran-
script.*

A COAL dealer asked some law students what
legal authority was the favorite of his trade. One
answered "Coke." "Right," said the coal dealer.
Another suggested "Blackstone." "Good, too!"
said the questioner. Then a little man piped out
"Little-ton." Whereupon the coal dealer sat
down.—*Boston Post.*

"SEE here, my friend, that dog of yours killed
three sheep of mine last night, and I want to
know what you propose to do about it?"

"Are you sure it was my dog?"

"Yes."

"Well, I hardly know what to do. I guess I
had better sell him. You don't want to buy a
good dog, do you?"—*Unidentified Exchange.*

THEIR THOUGHTS.

ARABELLA—"Here he is—just where he's been
for weeks—why does n't he speak out? I'm sure
I encourage him enough—"

George—"Here she is, as usual wearing a cos-
tume which cost more money than I can make in
six months. How can I ask her to marry me,
as it would be impossible for me to support her
in the extravagant style in which she now lives?"
—*Texas Siftings.*

A THOUGHTFUL WOMAN.

"HAVE you got the rent ready at last?"

"No, sir; ma went out washing, and forgot to
put it out for you before she left."

"How do you know she forgot to put it out?"

"Well, she told me so."—*Texas Siftings.*

A NEW comedy is called "Spot Cash." The
principal characters, it is presumed, are New York
bank officials. They "spot" cash pretty effect-
ually.—*Norristown Herald.*

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Mistress—"I have not noticed any such name as that. What did he do?"

"Why, mum, he is the villian wot shot Mrs. O'Flaherty's dog and she made complaint against him."

"Well, let me see. Oh, yes, here is an item about him."

"And phat did they do to him, sure?"

"The paper says he was exculpated."

"Sarved him right, t.e ould spalpeen."—*Philadelphia Call.*

A KISS OF HATRED.

MAUD—"Oh, how I do hate that girl!"

John—"You certainly do not mean that brilliant Miss Hanson?"

"Indeed I do; she is just too horrid for anything."

"But you just this moment kissed her."

"Well, I had a good chance and could not resist the temptation; I hate her so."

"Really, Maud, you speak in riddles."

"Do you see that oval sallow spot full of ugly brown freckles on her right cheek?"

"Why, so there is. What a fearful disfigurement! But it is strange I did not notice it before."

"It was not there before; I just kissed the powder off."—*Philadelphia Call.*

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